

# Dirt Up

## Black Knights

Yeah, it's the world's greatest  
Black Knights, yeah  
Come from the dirt on up  
Straight nuttin', nigga  
Zip, zero, mothafuckin' zilch  
Comin', straight shinin'  
Do that shit

Startin' From the Dirt Up, niggas gettin' murdered  
Livin' in these ghetto streets  
Switchin' for a come up, how can you come up?  
Livin' in these ghetto streets

The only way's up, cuz a nigga been down too long  
Lost peers and shed tears, a nigga done frown too long  
In these ghetto streets where we settle peace with metal heats  
So many murdered fleets, I can't sleep, you peddle rocks in the street  
That street value is dirt cheap, hustle amongst thieves  
And creep, snakes and chiefs, that'll do anything to makes ends meet  
That's why my family ties, bloodlines run deep through my veins  
But it's hard to feel the stress of another man's pain  
Through the rain comes the sunshine  
It's hard to survive in the hood with just one nine  
That's why my grind'll never stop  
Til me and my niggas are sittin' on yachts, pollyin' stocks  
From the Dirt Up

Ohh.. ohh.. ohh..

I woke up quick, it was about a quarter to noon  
Realized a nigga had to be in Compton soon  
And I never listened to my mother  
It went through one ear and out the other  
My style as a juvenile, I ran with a gang  
Slang in the meanwhile, just to have change  
Fascinated by the street life, want all thangs  
White walls, hundred spokes  
I never rock murder-ones, cuz I sport low shields and locs  
Forties, chronic, weed and the wet smoke  
Cuz I'm a gangsta at havin' fun  
I never left the south, without packin' a gun  
I put fools in check, pull triggers, hot slugs'll put you in check  
From the Dirt Up

From the Dirt Up, niggas ain't knowin' what we be doin'  
West Coast, what? Killa Bees, rippin' and ruin  
Keepin' it true in, any form, shape or fashion  
Holler at my niggas 'bout some drama, it's on and crackin'  
We stay mashin', whatever happen, it's on  
Cock my pistol as the bullets whistle straight to ya dome  
Leavin' haters alone, cuz we don't fuck with fake niggas  
Game recognize game, that's why we clicked up with RZA  
Give a nigga just a minute to spit a few lines  
And watch me flip it like a verb cuz I want the whole nine  
And I holds mine, ain't no time to sleep where we hangin'  
That's why I'm bangin' with these niggas, yellin', Knights or Nathan  
From the Dirt Up

Ohh.. ohh.. ohh..

Yeaaaaah!

While you niggas star-struck, me and my niggas stickin' stars up  
Steppin' to us is steap as water, at all times  
Far rhymes, delivered in the purest forms  
Did order livin', would be dead in in jail, but yo, I proved mine  
Did wrong, movin' on, with the script, so I spit the gift  
Got 'em frost bit, frozen stiff, From the Dirt Up, word up  
Nann Nigga bet' not hurt a hair on my nigga's head or I manifest the murder  
Not on wax but on the crevices, bumps and cracks of the streets, reality rap  
Too much for ya salary cap  
Yo, the flow is priceless, Crisis dominate mic devices  
Competition end up pumped up, exit lifers  
Steppin' to the almighty like they wanna speak a peak  
of God's widey, From the Dirt Up